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element is the generative or vitalizing force, while the science element is the embodying or organizing force. The affections are motived or enlivened with some sense of the good, true, or beautiful, and the intellect is moved, in corresponding degree, to give appreciable form, as an *effect*, to such *affection*. In those human conditions that realize only the partial and fragmentary in experience, neither art nor science can exhibit perfect consistency or maturity of spirit and power; such as must animate and fortify human energy under the reign of the unitizing principles that shall finally prevail. Only the co-ordination of art and science, in creative order attained, will realize the invincible play of art in its supreme degree, as it goes forth robed in the symmetry and order of supreme science. Till then, very vital fragments may stimulate and direct humanity in its educational career, but fully comprehensive scientific definition may not be expected of every adventurer, especially upon a theme so illusive in its character as æsthetics.

It is reported of Mr. Wilde that, when affirming the universal prevalence of beauty, he was asked to name the beauty that was resident in an elevator close by, whereupon he could only beat a hasty retreat under cover of his hackman. He had not reflected that beauty and deformity are two requisite poles to experience, at least during the processes of human development, else he would not have affirmed the present universality of beauty.

But if he were duly schooled in that sense of human lordship that foretells the universal dominion of man in the supreme reign of art and science, duly conjugated, he could not fail to discern a measure of beauty in every form of human achievement that tends to such mastery, and in some degree illustrates it. Human freedom, realized from the mastery over and subjection in use of nature's forms and forces, is instinct with beauty, and the signs of such mastery must in some measure reflect the beauty.

W. H. KIMBALL.

CONCORD, N. H., January, 1882.

SENTENCES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTED BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

[The first selection in the portion of these "Sentences in Prose and Verse" published in the July number (J. S. P., vol. xvi., p. 334), should have been credited to *R. W. E. (Conversations)*. The first sentence in the part published October (p. 444), should be credited to *Thoreau's Journal* (unpublished).—EDITOR.]

VII.

The pilgrim oft

At dead of night, 'mid his oraison, hears,

Aghast, the voice of time disparting towers.—*Dyer*.

There is no world to those who grieve and love.—*Landor*.

Where longs to fall yon rifted spire,

As weary of the insulting air ;

The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,

The lover's sighs are sleeping there.—*Langhorne*.

O Death in Life, the days that are no more.—*Tennyson*.

While man doth ransack man,

And builds on blood, and rises by distress ;

And this Inheritance of desolation leaves

To great expecting Hopes.—*Samuel Daniel*.

The grief that on my quiet preys—

That rends my heart—that checks my tongue—

I fear will last me all my days,

But feel it will not last me long.—*J. H. Moore [from Montreuil]*.

Her voice was on the wind,

And the deaf ocean o'er Salurdad closed.—*Southey*.

Think of a country where there is but one opinion, where there is no minority. Fisher Ames was right when he said the best majority was that where there was but one over.—[*Conversations*] *Anon*.

Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. do really believe that they are very ill ; and I have no doubt this is very true, for the moment. But let anything occur to tempt Mrs. A. or B. abroad, and she goes off like a shot.—*Ibid*.

Our modern Socrateses have not discovered, with that fabulous old one of Xenophon's, that "They know—they know nothing."—*Ibid*.

The perception, or idea of light, is not changed for that of darkness in so small a time as the twinkling of an eye. So that, in this case, the muscular motion of the eyelid is performed quicker than the perception of light can be changed for that of darkness.—*Erasmus Darwin*.

A proper rogue is indispensable in a play, in the cutting of whose throat the audience may take an unmingled interest.—*Coleridge*.

The common vineyard snail has 21,000 teeth [*Hæckel*]*—*a gnat's wing beats 8,000 times in a second, so fine are its muscles.—*G. H. Lewes*.

In order to sleep, the minute blood-vessels, or capillaries of the brain, contract, and extrude blood from the brain ; if the vessels remain full, the nervous force continues to act and sleeplessness results.—*B. W. Richardson [quoted]*.

It is a mercy your children have got over ye measles so well, but there is a real duty belongs to you to instruct them in the word of God.—*Mrs. Godwin [William Godwin's mother]*.

Your brother Hally is going to send you a turkey. I am, thro' mercy, better.—*Ibid.*

A bare crying for mercy at last is a dangerous experiment. We trust providence, but it's in a wrong way, not in ye way of well doing. Seneca's morals he bostes of is not sufficient.—*Ibid.*

The tempers of seafaring men are generally like the boisterous Element.—*Ibid.*

Lay thy stones with fare coulars; I wish to be desolv'd and be with Christ, not my will but the will of my God in Xt be done.—*Ibid.* [æt. 78].

He sèems to be poorer for the l. 44 I have given him than he was before he had it; he now can't neither board nor cloth Harriot.—*Ibid.*

For every man is desirous of what is good for him, and shuns what is evil, and this he doth by a certain impulsion of nature, no less than that whereby a stone moves downward.—*Hobbes.*

The organization at birth may greatly influence the motives which govern the series of our future acts of intelligence, and we may even possess moral habits acquired during the fœtal state.—*Nicholson* [1797].

Not able to walk ten yards without panting for breath, and continually falling; still he is able to ride ten miles every day, and eat and drink very hearty. His face is quite red, constantly convulsed by ill-humor, his hair gray and dirty, his beard long, and the clothes he wears not worth sixpence.—*Mrs. Bishop* [sister of *Mary Woolstonecraft*, giving her an account of their father].

Here is a strange medley, a farthing candle, or one as thick as my wrist. They have never been permitted to walk on account of wearing out shoes. Send me a few wax tapers, for a farthing one often falls to my share, and we go to bed very early.—*Ibid.*

My sentiments are French, and French they will be even in the grave, provided one has sentiments in the grave.—*Montcalm.*

"The prejudice I can't get rid of, that, in war, God supports the full regiments."—*Frederic the Great.*

Human nature is rarely uniform.—*Walter Scott.*

"As I crawled in" to the lost party in the snow, they cried: "They had expected me; they were sure I would come."—*Dr. Kane.*

She was a person, briefly, who was good and kind, but impossible to rely upon, and little adapted to social life.—*Madame Recamier* [of *Madame Chateaubriand*].

Wordsworth, well pleased with himself, cared little for modern or ancient. His was the moor and the tarn, the recess in the mountain, the woodland scattered with trees far and wide—trees never too solemn or lofty, Never entangled with plants overrunning the villagers' foot-path; Equable was he and plain, and tho' wandering a little in wisdom, Ever was English at heart. If his words were too many; if Fancy's Furniture lookt rather scant in a whitewashed apartment; If in his rural designs there is sameness and tameness; if often Feebleness is there for breadth; if his pencil wants rounding and pointing; Few of this age or the last stand out in like elevation. There is a sheepfold he raised which my memory loves to revisit— Sheepfold whose wall shall endure when there is not a stone of the palace.
Landor.

History always begins not with the union, but with the disunion of a nation.—*Mommsen.*

Nay, till you have at least marked, on the top of each page, what Month and Year it actually is, the Book can not be read at all—except by an idle creature, doing worse than nothing under the name of reading.—*Carlyle* [*Walpole's George the Second*].

Algarotti—one of those half-remembered men, whose books seem to claim a reading, and do not repay it when given.—*Ibid.*

Nine had already struck by the old Roman clock, surrounded by ivy, which shares with the Church of St. Brelade, at Jersey, the peculiarity of having for its date four ones (1111), used to signify eleven hundred and eleven.—*Victor Hugo.*

Philosophy triumphs over past and future ills, but present ills triumph over her.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

I am sure a little reading in Seneca, the philosopher, would set you right in this pitiable wrong.—*Godwin* [to Parkinson; ten days later the latter destroyed himself].

Among the Marghi [West Africa], if a person in old age dies, his death is esteemed a cause of satisfaction and mirth, while that of a young one is lamented in tears.—*Barth.*

I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath, between my hands,
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.—*Landor.*

Amid the storms of fate, and throbs of pain,
Wisdom is impotent, and virtue vain.—*Ibid.*

The imperial dummy—*Silentiarius imperialis*, the title of the chief of police, under Justinian.—*Victor Hugo.*

Like to the sent'nel stars, I watch all night.—*Lovelace.*

As I beheld a winter's evening air,
Curl'd in her court false-locks of living hair.—*Ibid.*

Why shouldst thou sweare I am foresworne,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is *already* morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.
But O! the nymph, did you e'er know
Carnation mingled with snow?
Or have you sene the lightning shrowd,
And straight breake thro' th' opposing cloud?
So ran her blood; such was its hue;
So thro' her wayle her bright hair flew,
And yet its glory did appeare
But thinne, because her eyes were neare.—*Ibid.*

I am once more going through with the old experiment of planting potatoes, and do not yet find it convenient to give it up. [Conversations.]—*Anon.*

Yes, they [the farmers] were grubs, perchance, once; but grubs become butterflies. Insects go through three transformations. To-day they are in the larva, and to-morrow in the air. Professor T. is the butterfly; we need people in all stages.—*Ibid.*

"Give me the comfort of your society at dinner." [From a note.]—*Ibid.*

The English have an astonishing degree of productive force, which seems to be latent in Americans.—*Ibid.*

Never had I the least social *pleasure* with him, though often the best conversation.—*Ibid.*

The most poetry is in the ripples [on a pond].—*Ibid.*

He bears well the *vitriol of solitude*. [Said of Hawthorne].—*Ibid.*

I have that vanity of the ancient apostle, who used without fail to read his sermons over to the family *after* church. So I read again my old discourses up and down.—*Ibid.*